

THE
WAR



CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE

SALVATION ARMY
IN

CANADA, N.W. AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

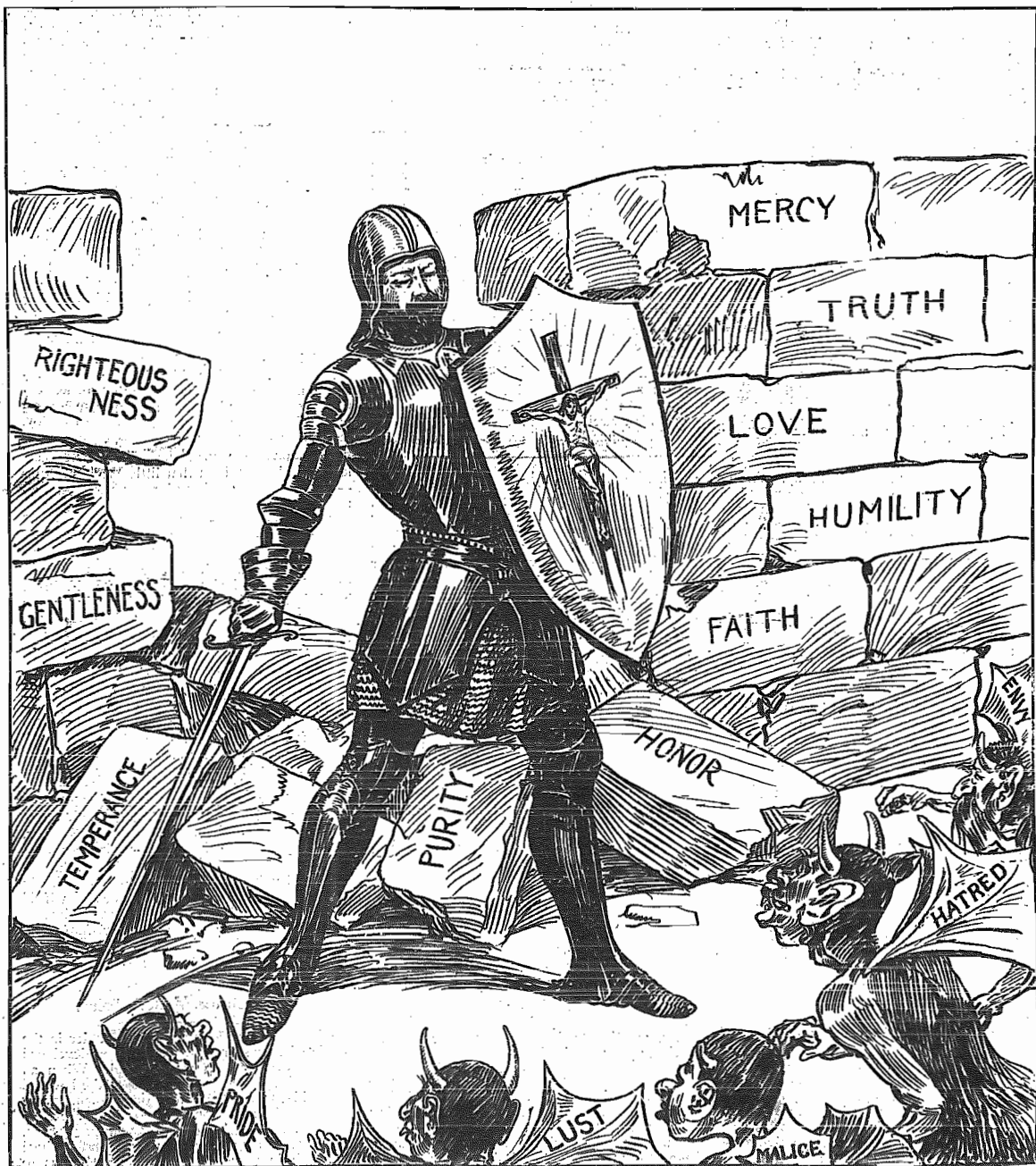
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WILLIAM BOOTH
General.

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Commissioner.

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STANDING IN THE BREACH.

(SEE ARTICLE, PAGE 4.)

A Recreant Husband.

BY MRS. ANNIE DRUMMOND.

"But I had a praying wife," said William Prust, as we interviewed him respecting his home-life in his early days, "and my mother was a temperance woman, though I was not brought up by her. I lived with my grandparents, and by them was first taught to drink."

"By them?" we queried; "taught to drink by them?"

"Yes," answered William; "they would send me as many as a dozen times a day for either beer or spirits as soon as I could carry a jug, and I drank myself tipsy long before I was nine years old. My grandfather could earn as much as four pounds a week, and yet I

OFTEN WENT SUPPERLESS TO BED

because we had no food, and nothing for breakfast."

"What then?" we asked. "How long were you under influence like that?"

"How long?" said Prust, with a deep-drawn sigh. "Until I was taken to live with my mother."

"And she was not a Christian?"

"No; but I was set a better example by her; and, living for a time a reformed life, I won the heart of a good girl, whom I married when I was only fifteen years of age."

"For a little time after that things went on very well; but, entering a business, I became a favorite with the manager, who was fond of a glass himself, and he quickly

REVIVED MY TASTE FOR DRINK

by leading the way, which I all too readily followed. I soon spent as much as a pound a day, for I could swallow from forty to fifty glasses between getting up and going to bed, and even then would sometimes smuggle a bottle of rum under the bed-clothes, which I drank through the night."

Losing his situation as a natural consequence of this sort of thing, Prust set up as a butcher on his own account; but, this venture being unsuccessful, his home was sold up. At his wife's end what to do next, he determined to remove from Scarborough, where he then lived, and take his wife and two children to her father's home in Staffordshire, leaving them there until he could get together another home.

With this promise, made in all sincerity at the time—but, alas! in his own strength only—husband and wife parted. As he wished his wife good-bye, Mrs. Prust clung to his neck, pleading, "The way of the transgressor is hard, Will; but, for the sake of our little ones, let me beg you—turn over a new leaf!"

"I TREMBLED FOR MYSELF,"

said the remorseful man, "for I loved the drink. Yes—with all the consequences I suffered, with my real remorse and the sorrow I had brought upon those truly dear to me—I loved it still. Loved and hated it with the same breath!"

"But my wife's prayers haunted me. Sleeping or waking, alone upon the road which I tramped, or carousing with bad companions, it was all the same. No matter where the drink led me, her prayers followed."

Still Mrs. Prust prayed, in an agony such as only the mother of a drunkard's children can understand, whilst her weak-willed husband fell lower and lower into deeper depths than we care to chronicle here. At last he found himself within the grim walls of a prison, for an offence he could never have been guilty of but for the drink.

After his release from jail—

BEGGING HIS WAY,

sleeping in forlorn penny dosses, until he had tramped from Scarborough to Staffordshire—the wretched fellow put in an appearance at his father-in-law's, with two black eyes, no stockings upon his feet, his long hair hanging around his dirty neck, and altogether in such a repulsive condition that he was refused access to his wife or permission to enter the house. Retracing his steps to the queen of watering-places, and making himself known to the butchers he met as one of their trade, they would often give him scraps

of meat, which he sold at a small profit; but, instead of buying food and clothing with his earnings, he would rush to the public-house, and there spend his little all.

Wandering hither and thither, the last shreds of manhood seemed to be leaving him. One day, whilst out on tramp, Prust made the acquaintance of another butcher somewhat worse off than himself. Casting in their lot together for the time being, they slept one night at the house of a sweep, in the neighborhood of Harrogate, and during the night Prust's new companion informed him that he knew an old man near who possessed a sum of money they might easily annex, provided Prust were willing. But

THE POSSIBILITY OF MURDER

coupling itself with the transaction startled him so greatly that he was sobered upon the spot.

"Murder!" he gasped. "Surely I have not come to that?" The effort to throw aside this hellish suggestion brought to his remembrance his praying wife. He seemed to see her as he had seen her last—beseeching him, for the children's sake to give up the drink ere it proved his soul's ruin. The children he once loved—ay, whom he still loved, with all his depravity and selfishness. He remembered seeing the little ones clinging to their mother's skirts and huddling together, "afraid of father."

"Great heavens! What have I become?" he murmured. A question which was quickly followed by another—"What shall I be yet?" He groaned aloud as the panorama of the past spread itself out before him—a past which held for him no hope of better things in the future. Prust's conscience and his drink passion

FOUGHT A GREAT BATTLE

that ever-remembered night. But his wife was praying for her recreant husband, and, thank God! his conscience won.

Pulling himself together, he resolved to live a better life, and the next day set out for Scarborough. Being well-known there as clever in his line when sober, work fell readily into his hands. His employer gave him good wages, and it was not long ere he got a nice little home together, where he was once more joined by his wife and children. There seemed to be every prospect of making a fresh start in business for himself, when

A MISTAKEN SPECULATION

resulted in a serious loss. Other reverses followed. At this critical juncture Mrs. Prust was laid aside with a newly-born babe, while another child lay dead in the house.

"Troubles never come single!" wailed the downhearted husband, and when the landlord demanded the rent, Prust could not pay. The illness of his wife and the expenses connected with the child just lost had swallowed up all their savings. His home was again sold, and the Prust family were left out in the cold to starve. No, not to starve. Mrs. Prust's trust was in God, and His "ravens" did not tarry. The children were marvellously fed.

"Here is a hare for you," said a neighbor. Mrs. Prust took it, wondering what she could do with it, for she had

NOTHING TO COOK IT IN.

She consented, therefore, for her husband to sell it. It was sold, and for the magnificent sum of 3s. 9d.—quite a fortune to the penniless family. Turning this amount over quickly in buying and selling small butchery stores, not only had the children food, but, borrowing a table and placing it in the front of a window, Prust made a tempting display of sheep's-heads, livers, and hearts for sale. In this way he worked up a small business—

THE ENTIRE PROCEEDS OF THAT ONE HARE.

A fairly comfortable home rewarded the industry of the now reformed and persevering butcher, who kept at his work of an evening making "penny ducks." But, just as things began to prosper, his old desire for drink reasserted itself, and he fell a prey once more to the alcoholic fiend.

His disappointed wife bent her head low in this new grief, and her little ones trembled and wept beside her knees. Yet she trusted God. He who had said to her, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee," would never fail her, she felt assured. The clouds looming darkly across her path now would some day break, chasing away the terrible night through which she was passing. One day, as her husband lay upon his bed ill after a mad carousal, he cried:

"Hark! I hear a Salvation Army cornet."

He lay still after that, quietly listening to the well-known strains, until conviction again laid hold upon him. As soon as he was able to walk, Prust found his way to the Army barracks, and then

TO THE PENITENT FORM,

where he confessed his sins to God. So far, he was in earnest, and he was answered according to the measure of his faith. He ran well for a time, earning the confidence and respect of those about him, and even leading other souls to Christ. But he rested in sins forgiven, and, as a result of trifling with his old enemy—in the shape of tobacco and cigars—he slowly crept back to the drink, which, for the third time, proved his downfall.

Down, down he sank, lower than before, for he now threatened to kill those who still loved him in spite of long-endured cruelties and wrongs. Yes, murder—he could entertain thoughts of that now! Yet his wife prayed on that his soul might be saved, and he become a good man. The Salvationists prayed for him, too—comrades, some of them, whom he had in the days gone by been instrumental in bringing to the cross—they

PRAYED FOR THE MISERABLE BACKSLIDER

—and believed.

At last, persuading him into one of their Ward meetings, and dealing with him as only God-possessed souls can deal with sinners, the prodigal came home—home to his Father's loving, outstretched arms.

"I counted the cost," he said to us, "as I knelt beside a chair in that little Ward meeting—counted the cost of my lost soul, and—I surrendered."

And there, amongst the few earnest soldiers (the "two or three" gathered together in the name of Jesus), a great battle was fought against Satan—and the victory won. Conscious now of his own inability to keep himself, Prust handed himself over unconditionally to the Saviour who "never did a battle lose," and, as a consequence, he has grown in grace and in the knowledge of God.

A PROSPEROUS TRADESMAN NOW,

he is not alone in his household as a Salvationist, for every one of his family have joined the Army. Seeing what salvation had done for their father, they enlisted under the blood-stained banner of the cross. The eldest son, a Sergt-Major in the Army Training Home, is working with his whole soul for God; another plays an instrument in the barracks; whilst the daughter of this brand snatched from the burning, ever anxious to win the lost for the Saviour, is actively employed in the Concertina Band.

"Yes, praise the Lord!" exclaims the reclaimed drunkard, "all my children are soundly converted, and I thank God for a praying wife!"

Mrs. Prust looks up smiling in her Salvation Army uniform, and replies: "My faith may have been tried, but, with all my waiting, I have proved that God answers prayer."

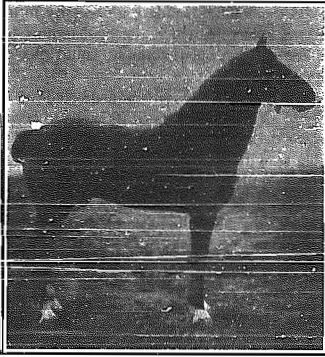
To Catch the Master's Spirit.

History tells of a young paint-grinder in the studio of Italy's greatest master, who developed striking evidences of artistic skill. When an enemy of the great teacher came to the boy and urged him to found a school of his own, saying that wealth and honors, and invitations to kings' palaces might be his, the youth answered, in effect: "I am not ambitious to found a school or dwell in a palace; but I am ambitious to catch Raphael's spirit and reproduce in myself his ideals."

A DAY AT THE FARM.

Pry and the Camera Visit the Army's Industrial Farm, and Tell Something of Men and Horses.

If one can find the opportunity to visit the Salvation Army Farm, at least once a month, they will find there something new to interest and reward them for their trouble. Cattle, and horses, and pigs, and chickens apparently seem to make of the Farm but a temporary home, because there is a perfect understanding on the part of the officers that if any individual comes along and takes a liking to either fowl or beast, or in fact anything marketable, and is prepared to pay a fair price, there is no fear of going away disappointed. With the Superintendent,



"Fireworks," Thoroughbred Hackney.

Staff-Capt. Myles, it does not take long to close a bargain, provided one means business.

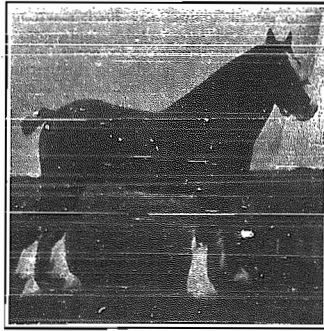
Although a few weeks had scarcely gone by since our last visit, we found well-filled stalls of horses and cattle to interest us. We have only a fair share of knowledge concerning these quadrupeds, and, therefore, were prepared to eagerly grasp the instruction as to their best points, which Staff-Capt. Myles was well able and obliging enough to give to us. When the stall is not too empty, and there are not too many wandering sons of men to look after, it is the delight of the Superintendent to invest in thoroughbreds, as far as limited capital will allow. That he, with his assistant, Lieut. Lewis, has so far successfully conducted the Farm: as to have some splendid and very exceptionally good-looking stock you have but to present a smiling face at the Farm to find out.

On the occasion of this visit we had with us the indispensable camera, and took occasion to take a snap-shot of one or two of the "finest," the photos of which we herewith reproduce. Did you ever, reader, try to take a picture of a

thoroughbred? No? Well, just try once. By the time you have got the thoroughbred in focus, and you are ready to open the shutter to give a correct exposure of the sensitive plate, you will likely find your subject assuming most fantastic, if not threatening, attitudes. But you fail just then to see or appreciate to the full his graceful antics, and wish, simply for the purpose of picture-taking, the lively steed before you was anything but a thoroughbred; but, true to the adage, fortune favors the brave, if you are patient and experienced you will succeed with many highly interesting experiences to secure a resemblance of your subject.

We will not here attempt to describe the animals with which the Farm is stocked at the present time, except simply to say the stock in general does great credit to the enterprise of the Superintendent and his assistants.

The young fellow who was whistling an inspiring tune, while he shovelled away in the long stable, stopped to remark that there was "always plenty to do on a farm." We must confess to a limited experience ourselves in that direction, but a few hours at the Army's Industrial Farm convinced us of the truth of the words. Laziness on the part of any is not tolerated; each man is expected to do his work in a systematic manner, and so far as we observed, the men on the Farm behaved themselves creditably. They were busy, and had little time for conversation, but the remarks we passed together were as interesting as we hope profitable. Those who come are not all inexperienced farm hands. There are some, however, who know



"Proud Baron," Thoroughbred Clydesdale.

little about farming; if, however, there is a willingness displayed, there is every opportunity given to them to learn. Neither are all the men employed on the Farm "bums," in the ordinary acceptance of the term. It is necessary, occasionally to employ skilled labor, if for nothing else than instruct those who are not so well informed.

The Farm is, above all, a hand stretched out to help those who need assistance, to gain or recover a foothold in the human society. It is a spot removed from the public gaze to a great extent, where loving hearts and willing hands



Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Myles, Superintendent Industrial Farm.

are trying to help to a nobler life those who are in need.

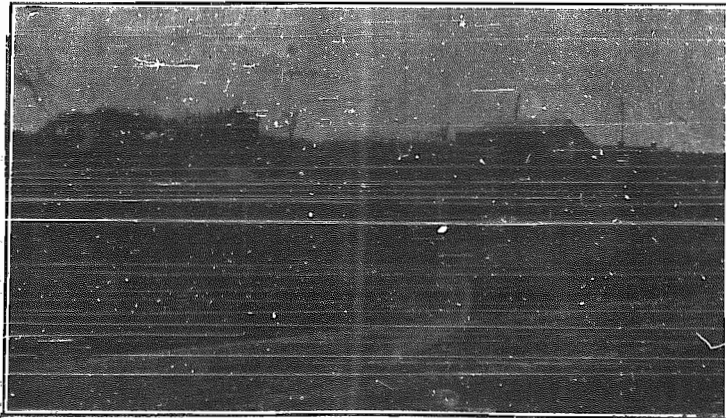
It is not so long ago that a man was sent by friends, who had not drawn a sober breath for weeks, and except liquor no nourishment of any kind had passed his lips. Some three or four days went by after his arrival at the Farm before any food could be given him. But the cases which seek the hospitality of the S. A. Farm differ greatly one from another, and cannot well be described in a general way. There are an odd few men who receive aid who are unappreciative of anything that is done, but they are isolated cases. We are happy to say there is some reward for all the effort and anxiety that our faithful officers put into the undertaking.

We must not forget to mention Mrs. Staff-Captain Myles, who fairly beams with good-nature, and who can give you such cordial welcome to the tidy quarters as to make you feel at home in a very short time. Mrs. Myles has duties in connection with the Farm of course. They are, to use a large word, multifarious. First of all, she looks after the cash, keeps a set of books for the Farm, and shows a correct record of the income and expenditure. In addition, with an assistant, she personally cooks the food for all the men employed on the Farm, besides her own household duties. Mrs. Myles keeps busy, of course, but goes about her work with a grace and smile that is highly pleasing.—Pry.

A Black Boy's Testimony.

"My mistress—she's a white lady—said to me this morning, 'I suppose you will preach in the streets to-night, says she. 'Yes, ma'am,' I replied. 'Who would stand up to listen to you?' she said. 'Some will,' I replied. 'I'm sure I never would,' she said. 'No, ma'am,' I said to her, 'but you might be passing by and one word might reach your heart, and you become converted.' 'Get away, you impertinent rascal,' she said; 'I will stop one and sixpence out of your wages to-night for your forwardness.' I don't know," he continued, "whether she means to do it, but if so, when she puts a shilling into my hand this evening I will snile and say, 'Praise the Lord!'"

"Yes, my friends," he went on to say, "lots of people, even Christians, says that I won't hold out the rapid way I is goin' on. I knows as well as them that the devil is after me, but I believe, and I am sure, I will get away from him. Why? Well, listen and I will tell you. About this time last year I was gambling at a street corner, with some others like myself, and I never saw the constable till he nearly put his hands on me. 'Give me a chance,' I cried as I ran, and he ran after me. But he wouldn't, and it was a big race. Just then I cried, 'O Lord, help me!' and he knocked his foot against a stone and fell, and I got away from him. Now, if God heard my prayer when I was serving the devil, won't He help me get away from my old task-master now since I am praying to Him continually? I see you see de point, my Christian friends, Praise the Lord!"—W. Raglan Phillips, Adjt.



S. A. Industrial Farm, near Toronto.

David's Confession.

BY BRIGADIER KNIGHT, AUSTRALIA.

The fifty-first Psalm comes to us with something of a shock. We are so intensely human that we recoil somewhat from such a whole-hearted confession of wrong; not that it should be so, but one cannot, and it would not be wise, to forget that the tendency nowadays is to cover up, cloak over, or make restitution, if necessary, in some quiet fashion; in fact, do anything, but please do it quietly. This present-day tendency is the more dangerous, as it is very apt to allow certain acts of diplomacy at times to shield the high position, permit power and influence to stand in the way of justice, or circumstances to palliate the crime.

Let us think of David as the King. It is true, he was only human, but, as the King of Israel, David, in his exalted position, might have found ample means to attempt to justify the crime he had committed, and many would probably have been only too glad to help the King in his trouble. Deceit might have reared its mean head, and caused hesitation, but:

DAVID KNEW GOD;

he had had dealings with the Divine before, and he was strangely conscious that he could not sin and retain, for one moment, any favor with such a Divine Master. Does not this apply to-day? Yes, it certainly does to us all. You cannot do wrong and maintain your position and influence with God, hence we have David's confession.

Does it not appear somewhat strange and remarkable that David should have allowed himself in such a wrong, and further, that it required a prophet from God to awaken him to a sense of what he had done?

We all remember how the prophet Nathan came to David, and what a thrilling story of dishonesty and distress he told, how the King's anger was kindled, and how David, in his vexed soul, declared that the man who was guilty of such a thing should die. Little did he dream of the prophet's reply—"Thou art the man!"

Is it not strange that we so easily forget ourselves in the contemplation of other's wrongs? How quickly we see, judge, and condemn in others what we, in our own way, conceive to be wrong, and yet are so easily deceived as to the real condition of our own hearts!

The one redeeming feature about David was his willingness to confess his wrong, and, by the way, there is nothing harder in life than for people, whether saint or sinner, to acknowledge their wrongs. We are so touchy on the subject. Some of us are prepared to

STIFLE THE HONEST CONVICTION

of God's Spirit, to smother every good desire or impulse, and lose the respect and good will of our best and dearest cherished friends, rather than tell the truth and own up to our wrongs. Some people call it human nature. Whatever it is, there is no greater hindrance to purity and holiness than this fearful egotism or conceit.

Yes, how many there are who have lost touch with God, and have lost all love for Divine things, and, in fact, have become heart backsliders of the most wretched character! David was still a King in spite of his sin, but the nobility of his character came to the front in his acknowledgement of his wrong. You may still retain your rank as a soldier, treasurer, a bandsman, or even an officer, and at the same time, right down in the deepest chamber of your soul, there may be a skeleton confronting you every time you turn your eyes inwards—a skeleton that silently mocks you, that masters you, that calls you a coward, that robs you of fire and force and spirituality.

Yes, there may be many a wife who ponders prayerfully over her husband's lack of power and point, or a husband who may be anxious over the careless attitude of his wife on Divine things—aye, little children may already be led to wonder why there is no family prayer, no altar erected in the home, or the omission of many things. Oh, what sorrow belongs to the heart-backslider! There is hope for you if you will only confess your wrongs.

It took a prophet to arouse David. What will it take to arouse you? David's awakening

DROVE HIM TO PRAYER.

This is a good sign, and holds out good promise of the mercy of God. Have your wrongs, your sins, your tempers, your heart-backslidings ever driven you to prayer? There is some hope for you if they have. God cannot, and never will, despise true prayer. Nothing appeals to the great Father heart so intensely as the passionate appeals of the soul for help.

David's prayer. Let us ponder over it for a few minutes. There is something so sincere in it, something so touching. David, the King, at confession before the God of Israel. He acknowledges his own helplessness. I like this: I like to see people honest; it brings out the noblest and truest instincts of the soul; it gives confidence. Now, David felt he was undone—in fact, helpless—and he went to the right source for help. In his weakness he went to the strong for strength, the unwise to the wise, the unclean to the clean, the impure to the pure. Oh, if you had only done that, how different your life might have been! You have gone to the wrong source, you have listened to the finite instead of the infinite, and sorrow and failure have been the result. David's utterance at the throne is very significant. He seems to have been filled with an earnest longing not only to be forgiven, but to be cleansed or delivered from every desire for evil. Thus the intensely practical prayer: "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." This certainly seems to be the outcome of a very deep sense of his sin, and an earnest desire to guard against any further wrong in the future. And God restores unto him the joys of a full salvation.

Let me ask, is there nothing in this narrative for you? Do you not see that God is prepared to do even as much for you as He did for David? For He is no respecter of persons. Rich or poor, all are the same to Him. You know the result of sin. Nothing is so certain as judgment for it.

SIN CANNOT GO UNPUNISHED.

Set that down as a fact.

God's detectives are always on the track of sin, whether in a larger or lesser degree. To be honest over this important matter, let your confession of sin, of short-comings, of failures, be true and sincere, then will God come to your heart once more, and become to you the truest joy of your soul. The cleansing blood will be applied, and your soul will be made whiter than snow. Then your desires shall be heavenward, your ambitions governed by the controlling hand of God, and your spirit be set in a flame of honest purpose for the Kingdom. Then shall you teach transgressors God's ways, and sinners shall be converted unto Him.

"Which Worketh by Love."

A great deal is talked about faith: sermons, essays, without number, have been written on the subject, but as it is purely an experimental quality, reading and talking can avail us nothing, unless we ourselves exercise faith. The use of this ladder, by which we enter into possession of the promises, is nowhere more needed than in the Salvation Army.

As we look at our Lord's life, we realize the meaning of the words, "Faith, which worketh by love." He saw sin in all its horror—but He also saw in the sinner the flickering spark of the God-life, and so unhesitatingly He said, "Go thou, and sin no more." It was His belief, or faith, in the power of not sinning that enabled him to say so; otherwise to have said it would have been a mockery. Rising on the wings of faith, His disciples supplanted the existing powerful idolatries with the religion of the despised Christ. And so it has been ever since, men and women of faith helping to overthrow principalities and powers—the crown of victory being won by those who believed.

I have often been struck by the admiration which centres round those who have a great reputation as soul-winners, the people who have seen great results; even while thinking how blessed they are. I have thought of others

whose faith has kept them working year after year, without visible results; they have faithfully sown, therefore when following them, others have reaped a full harvest.

Sowing in the dark, believing when there is nothing to justify belief, this is faith, and this, if yours, will enable you to laugh at seeming impossibilities.—Staff-Capt. Murray.

Standing in the Breach.

(To our frontispiece.)

In older times, in fact, not so many centuries ago, ere modern firearms were invented, a walled city was a strong point of defence and security, giving safety from robbers and brigands, as well as holding off an advancing enemy. Especially was this true in Bible times. The constant ingress of the adjoining heathen tribes and the bands of lawless robbers who traveled the country, made it a necessity to have places of safety to which the husbandmen and dwellers of the open country could flee for safety.

Woe unto the city which neglected its defences so as to allow parts of its walls to become ruins, or decay in a manner that they would not be able to withstand the attack of a ram. The stones would break and fall before the battering of the ram, and through the breach the enemy would swarm into the city to rob, slay, and burn.

When the Lord inquired of Satan whether he had considered His servant Job, Satan replied: "*Hast Thou not built an hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he has on every side?*" Even so; the Lord builds a wall of protection about all those that love and serve Him, and the stones of that wall are the good attributes of a consecrated soul; righteousness, temperance, love, justice, mercy, charity, and so on. There is no use of the devil and his regiments to try to force an entrance into the Castle of Mansoul while that wall remains intact by constant vigilance and repair. But, alas! with success often comes relax of watching, praying, and working. Secure in the strength of past victories and achievements, the soul becomes careless and inactive, and when a sudden attack is made a breach appears, and all the host of darkness gather there to make a rush for the possession of the immortal fortress. Scores make a brave struggle to defend themselves in their own strength, but are hopelessly outnumbered, and fall.

It is at this time that the practical help of the Christian is needed. When the backslidden soul is in the throes of a fearful struggle, then, as a rule, everybody passes on the other side, and leaves him alone in the deadly combat with the powers of darkness. Oh, for men to jump into the breach, girded in the armor of God, to defeat sin, and give the soul an opportunity to repair the breach with the mortar of repentance. "And thou shalt be called the *repairer of the breach*, the restorer of paths to dwell in." (Isa. lviii. 12.)

God had made a hedge or wall about the Children of Israel, but they made a breach in it by their murmurings, and backslidings; and sins, at which God's wrath, always directed against sinners, might enter and destroy them. This would have been done had not Moses interceded for them. This the Psalmist recalls to the mind in the 106th Psalm, verse 23: "Therefore He said that He would destroy them, had not Moses, His chosen, stood before Him in the breach, to turn away His wrath, lest He should destroy them."

Let us go and do likewise: to jump in the breach to protect the erring one from the fearful consequences of his folly, and not only defend, but aid in the repairing of the breach by bringing about a reconciliation of the fallen soul with God.



Canadian Cuttings.

Chief Justice Hunter has consented to act upon a commission to investigate the labor troubles in British Columbia.

A company with a capital of about \$36,000,000 is applying for incorporation at Ottawa, with the intention of entering the field in opposition to the Bell Telephone Company.

Four men were killed in a head-on collision on the Intercolonial Railway, near Windsor Junction, twenty miles from Halifax. The belated Atlantic express from Montreal and the fast freight from Halifax for Montreal, both running at high speed, dashed together on a sharp curve.

A small riot took place in connection with the strike at the Hawkesbury lumber mills, on the Ottawa. Unarmed police who tried to drive a crowd off a bridge were themselves driven back by strikers armed with wooden clubs.

It is expected that the Dominion Government will have a surplus of \$12,000,000 or \$14,000,000 at the close of the current fiscal year.

Sir Oliver Mowat met with an accident, breaking his leg, but is reported making satisfactory progress.

Sir Wilfred Laurier announced that a committee of the House will be appointed to enquire into the whole question of electoral corruption and the reform of the election law.

A letter has been received announcing that Lord Roberts will be unable to visit Canada this year.

Lady Minto desires to raise an endowment of \$123,000 for her cottage hospital scheme.

The Militia Department has furnished 2,500 tents to be used for the accommodation of immigrants in the west.

A Halifax Grand Jury has found true bills against all the stockbrokers in the city for keeping gambling places.

Mr. John Moses, of Burford Township, has bequeathed about \$1,750 per annum to the Victoria Hospital, London, Ont.

August 27th to September 12th has been settled as the dates for the Dominion Exhibition at Toronto.

The formal charges filed in the Gagey investigation are directed against all the Ministers, and include a complaint against the filing of the protest against Mr. Gagey. The Commission is now sitting.

Eighteen of the farmer delegates sent over to Great Britain by the Immigration Department arrived at Halifax on the Tunisian.

One man shot and killed, and half a dozen others more or less seriously injured, mark what is hoped will prove to be the culmination of the strike inaugurated between the Canadian Bridge Company, of Walkerville, and their one hundred and fifty odd employees. Only the arrival of nearly half a hundred patrolmen prevented more serious consequences.

A big railway system is projected, on paper, by an application made to the Legislature for incorporation of the Keewatin & Ontario Railway Company. The company ask power to construct and operate a line from the western boundary of Ontario to Rat Portage, and thence in a northerly direction, and south to the Albany River, to a point at or near the mouth of the Albany River, at James Bay.

Immigration returns for March show that 12,276 settlers entered western Canada through Coutes, Emerson, Portal, and Winnipeg, the largest number yet recorded for March, and 70 per cent. in excess of the arrivals for March of last year.

U. S. Siftings.

Captain Pershing's force captured Bacoloda, Island of Mindanao, killed a hundred Moros, and wounded many others. Three United States soldiers were wounded.

Returns from all the towns in Kansas disclose the fact that the vote in favor of enforcing the prohibition law is the most overwhelming in the history of the State.

The crew of the steamer St. Joseph, coal laden, Oswego to Toronto, struck in sympathy with steamboat men along the lakes for recognition of their union.

Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, was re-elected by a substantial majority.

A twenty-inch gun exploded on the United States battleship Iowa during target practice, killing three men and injuring five.

George J. Kennedy, who is alleged to have shot Michael Sullivan, at Detroit, during a riot, was discharged by Justice Whalen, who held that the shooting was justified.

Five men were killed and two severely burned by a gas explosion in a mine at Carbon, Texas.

British Briefs.

The King announced the promotion of Gen. Sir George White, the defender of Ladysmith, to the rank of Field Marshal.

It is reported that negotiations are proceeding between Britain and the United States, whereby the former will have special privileges on the Panama Canal.

British exports and imports for the month of March showed an increase of \$14,455,000 and \$30,093,500 respectively.

The British Chancellor of the Exchequer plainly intimated that the duties on corn, tea, and sugar will not be removed.

The King sailed from Lisbon, Portugal, for Gibraltar.

Reports indicate that the King will be accorded an enthusiastic welcome on the occasion of his visit to France.

The King sailed from Gibraltar for Malta.

It is said that Colonel Lynch, who was imprisoned for treason, is ill, and may be pardoned by the King.

International Items.

An investigation regarding certain letters, promised by General Andre, the French Minister of War, will probably lead to a re-opening of the Dreyfus case.

It is rumored that one object of the German Emperor's visit to Denmark was to secure that country's assistance for the triple alliance in case of war with the dual alliance.

A Berlin money-lender who was sentenced to prison for usury was proven to have sometimes charged 236 per cent.

A peaceful solution of the strike at Rome seems to be probable. The city has almost resumed its normal aspect, the only difference being the absence of cabs.

An explosion has occurred at Canton arsenal powder factory. One thousand five hundred persons are reported to have been killed.

The London Standard says Britain, France and Germany will participate equally in the control of the proposed Bagdad railway.

Austrian and German soldiers fought in the streets of Pekin, and it required a company of troops, with bayonets fixed, to restore order.

The new North German Lloyd steamer Kaiser Wilhelm II., is expected to be the latest trans-atlantic liner afloat.

A large establishment of the Dominicans, at Dijon, France, has been closed, and the members are leaving for Canada. The Father Superior made a farewell speech.

A despatch from Melilla, Morocco, gives details of the fighting at Frajana. It says five thousand insurgents made a desperate attack on the fortress of Frajana April 8th. After the customary prayers, the tribesmen advanced with a wild rush to the accompaniment of religious exhortations. Twice they attempted to carry the fortress by assault, but were repulsed by well-directed fusillades, which killed numbers of the insurgents. During the attack the powder supply of the tribesmen exploded, killing many of them.

The rumors current of a plot against the life of King Alexander of Serbia received apparent confirmation in private despatches which have been received at Budapest, and according to which an attack on the King's life was planned for Sunday. The plot was discovered, and fifty persons suspected of complicity therein were arrested.

A conflict lasting four days has taken place between the insurgents and Turkish troops in the district of Melesh, northern Macedonia. The village of Berovo was surrounded and burned. Another fight occurred near Opeia, in the Province of Kratovo.

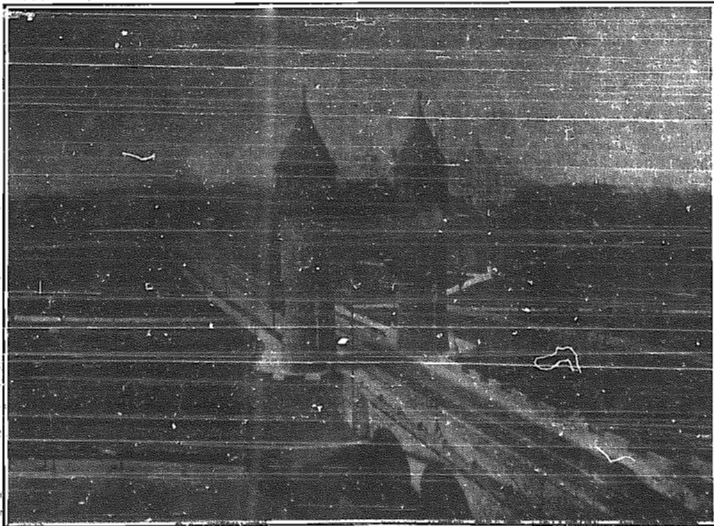
The inhabitants of some of the villages in the district of Petrich have revolted. A detachment of 350 Turkish troops have been engaged with the insurgents. Reinforcements have left Salonica for the scene of the revolt.

M. St. Choibina, the Russian Consul at Mitrovitz, European Turkey, who was shot in the back by an Albanian sentinel there recently, is dead.

The Dutch strikers repudiated the Defence Committee's decision that work be resumed, and decided to keep up the strike.

The anti-strike bill, as a protest to which the present strike was inaugurated, passed the Dutch Parliament by a large majority.

It is reported that Russian soldiers killed thirty and wounded one hundred persons during labor disturbances at Nijni Novgorod.



Memorial Arch, with State Capitol in Distance, Springfield, Ill.

DAILY READINGS

ILLUSTRATED.

SUNDAY.

"Awake, ye drunkards, and weep; and howl all ye drinkers of wine, because of the new wine; for it is cut off from your mouth."—JOEL i. 5.

The Army's mission is still to the drunkard and the outcast. Let us cease not to help them, and rouse them out of their sins.

The will of a drunkard, found on a chair in his room after he had committed suicide, is almost too solemn to print:

"I leave to the world a wasted character and a ruinous example; I leave to my parents so great a sorrow as in their weakness they could possibly bear; I leave to my brothers and sisters so much shame and dishonor as I could have brought to them; I leave to my wife a broken heart, and a life full of shame; I leave to each of my children poverty, ignorance, a bad character, and a memory of the father lying in a drunkard's grave and having 'gone to a drunkard's hell.'"

MONDAY.

"And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those, the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein."—ISA. xxxv. 8.

No large growth in holiness was ever gained by one who did not take time to be often alone with God.

TUESDAY.

"When ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants; we have done that which was our duty to do."—LUKE xvii. 10.

Sea time as a British man-of-war, the *Merle*, was overtaken in a storm and greatly injured. The water began to pour into her, and it was plain that unless she could be run on shore she must sink, and those on board would lose their lives. There was only one chance of escape, and that was for the engineers and stokers to remain in the engine-room far below the water and to keep the engines going full speed. It was probable, indeed almost certain, that when the ship struck the ground she would fall over on her side and that none but those on deck would escape with their lives.

But the engineers and stokers had orders to keep the fires burning and the engines working, and to obey orders they must stay below and run the risk of a terrible death. They remained at their post, and at last the sinking ship was run full speed on to the shore.

It so happened that she remained upright, thus enabling, not only those on deck, but the brave men below, to escape. But it was to their courage that the whole crew owed their preservation. They had saved the ship because they had obeyed orders, and this in the very face of death. Had they deserted their post, they would have sacrificed their own lives as well as those of their comrades. It was the storm that tested them and proved their courage. It was their devotion to duty that saved so many lives.

To every Salvationist, to every follower of Jesus, there are such testing times—times of storm, of danger. To stand by your post when all is calm is easy enough. It is the storm that tests our devotion. Have we been true to God and the Army in the storm? Have we failed? Have we deserted our God-given post? If there is one such reading these lines, confess it, make a fresh start, come to the cross. Jesus can make you a brave, bold, fearless, reckless conqueror. Will you claim His power?

WEDNESDAY.

"For the love of money is the root of all evil; which, while some crave after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows."—1 TIM. vi. 5.

A covetous man once found his way into a fairy's palace. There he saw bars, apparently of solid gold, strewn on every side. He was allowed to take away as many as he could carry.

But in the morning when the sun rose on his treasure, borne home with much toil, behold! there was only a bundle of sticks; and invisible beings filled the air around him with scornful laughter.—Old fable.

THURSDAY.

"And am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants."—LUKE xv. 19.

We can hardly claim to be the sons of God if we are constantly living in disobedience; yet in tender compassion our Heavenly Father daily, in ways too numerous to mention, would keep our feet in the right path and restores us to His love.

In the neighborhood of Manchester was a family consisting of a father, two sons, and a daughter. One of the sons was given much to licentiousness, and frequently left his father's house to waste his substance in riotous living. At length his brother and sister sought the influence of one of the friends of the family to induce the father to banish him from the parental roof. The sister introduced the subject by saying "she hoped her father had, by this time, seen enough of her brother's undutiful conduct to convince him that the sooner he was banished from his home the better." The brother also expressed his hope that the family would never again be disgraced by his presence. And then the friend expressed his surprise that the father had borne with him so long as he had, and could not see how he could ever open his doors to him again. The father's heart was true to the relation in which he stood to his undutiful son. His eyes moistened with a father's tears, and, looking at his daughter, he said: "You are his only sister, therefore you could shut him out of doors." Then turning to his son, he said: "You are his only brother, and could, therefore, easily abandon him to his vicious habits;" and then addressing his visitor, he said: "You are only his friend, and could, therefore, subject him to contempt." "I have a father's command," but I am his father, and whatever his friend, or brother, or sister might do, when he repents and returns, his father will freely forgive and receive him again."

FRIDAY.

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant."—MATT. xxv. 21.

Let us not get weary in well-doing. If we do not receive all the praise and reward we might desire on earth, at least let us merit the "Well done!" of our Lord.

The world's greatest benefactors have been usually the ones who have received the worst treatment at its hands. Especially has this been so in the case of those who have sought its spiritual welfare. We have discovered the new world of salvation. We have made voyages to the palace of the King of Kings. We have found a new country to which a continent of sinners may emigrate from the old country of sin and misery. Yet, let us not expect a "thank you" from the world. Let it be sufficient that we have the "Well done!" of our King, who never passes over so much as a cup of cold water offered to a disciple in His name. Let us rejoice in accepting the kicks and cuffs of the world here, knowing that we have discovered a new world, which we shall soon reach.

SATURDAY.

"For I am determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified."—1 COR. ii. 2.

A noble declaration on the part of St. Paul. How easy it is for other affections and desires to creep into our hearts. Jesus must be first, and at any material cost everything else must stand aside.

At a house where an Army officer was accustomed to visit, there hung on the wall a picture of Jesus, of which a little girl, a member of the family, was especially fond. One day, when the child came into the room, to her horror the picture was gone—the frame was still there, but it was filled with the portrait of some M.P.'s and other celebrities. The child burst into tears, saying: "Where is my Jesus? What have they done with my Jesus?"

EVOLUTION OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

JAPAN.—(Continued.)

The Salvation Army in Japan continues to march forward, and every year that goes by shows substantial progress. Our work in that interesting country is yet young. A few months ago our comrades celebrated their Seventh Anniversary. This was held, as usual, in the Y.M.C.A. Hall, Kantha, Tokyo, and took place on Saturday, Nov. 29th, 1902. Although a charge was made for admission, there was a crowded and enthusiastic audience, and the program, though formidable, went through with clockwork rapidity, and much success. A brief resume of the principal events may prove profitable to those who are interested in Eastern affairs.

Our forces in Japan have grown to such an extent that it was necessary to have the assistance of several policemen to clear the way for the march through the streets, preparatory to the inside meeting. With musical instruments and hearty singing the S. A. let the natives know that the *Kyu sei gun* (Salvation Army) was still alive, and in for a good time that evening, and all and sundry were invited to come and enjoy themselves.

Our comrades, on their return to the hall, were not surprised to see it packed, and before long, to the strains of "Shout aloud salvation," they went into the first part of the meeting.

Colonel Bullard's address on the present position of the Salvation Army, supplemented with facts and figures, showed the rise and progress of our work in Japan and other lands. While a chorus was being sung, in marched a lot of foreign-dressed people, armed with banners, bearing the name and flag of the nation they represented. There was the Chinaman, following closely on the heels of an Australian bushman, who was marching sedately behind a representative of France. Besides these there were Indians, Norwegians, Swedes, Danes, English, American, and Japanese, all marching together, to give an idea of how salvation unites in one holy bond all nations.

Taking their place on the platform, these comrades sang a special song, and as each nation was mentioned they took a step to the front whilst their special verse was being sung. Then a very interesting item came on the boards, entitled "The Foreign Children's Song." They first sang one of our Japanese songs, followed by an English action song. It was highly interesting to see the youngest, only two years old, going through the action song, and so far as the singing was concerned, she well maintained her part. The elder ones acquitted themselves very well, and the reception given them was well deserved.

Major Duce gave an interesting talk on Rescue Facts and Figures. A company of boys and girls, led by Ensign Yabuki, gave an exhibition of flag drill, which was well received and applauded. Staff-Capt. Ellis, of the Salvation Army Naval and Mercantile Home, Yokohama, made some interesting statements as regards his work amongst the "lads in blue," etc. A Cadet—an Ainu (Japanese native)—sang "Jesus loves me" in the Ainu, Japanese, and English languages. He was attired in the Ainu dress.

The Self-Denial totals were then read out by Colonel Bullard, and Mrs. Colonel Bullard presented the Self-Denial champion flag to the Yokohama corps, which had again raised the highest amount. The brass band rendered valuable service, both outdoors and inside, reflecting great credit upon those responsible for its training. The League of Mercy was inaugurated, and the Secretary was sworn in under the flag.

There were other very highly interesting features about this unique anniversary gathering in Tokyo, which we will endeavor to mention in our next issue.

"Under the magnetism of friendship the modest man becomes bold; the shy, confident; the lazy, active; or the impetuous, prudent and peaceful."—Thackeray.

Our Local Officers' Page.

The Model Sergeant-Major.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL GASKIN.

An up-to-date, blood-and-fire, thorough-going Sergeant-Major is of inestimable value to his corps, and a priceless treasure to his officers. The qualification essential for this position, as outlined by the General in the "Field Officers' Regulations," is as follows: "He should be a man of some experience, and one whose piety, good sense, devotion, and loyalty can be thoroughly relied upon."

When it is taken into full consideration that the corps Sergeant-Major is, so to speak, the permanent spiritual leader and adviser of the corps, and that as such his influence is great and his example will largely reproduce soldiers very much like himself, it will at once be seen that the model Sergeant-Major will be a man of many parts.

1. *His religion will be a practical reality.* He will live in the daily realization of pardoning grace, with a conscience void of offence toward God and man. His spiritual character will be an open book, easily recognized by all who come in contact with him, a man whose "good works" glorify his Heavenly Father. He will not only have victory over sin, but be delivered from its power, sanctified, filled with the Holy Ghost, and fully consecrated to the service of God.

2. *He will be a Salvationist.* He believes in the principles and practices of the Salvation Army, having a mind clear regarding its teachings and methods, without any "ifs," or "buts," or "maybes." He fully recognizes the Army's place in the world, and the *divinity of its mission to humanity.* He will be fully acquainted with its many ramifications, well posted in all up-to-date information regarding the work throughout the world, fully in sympathy with all its many operations and undertakings, and quick to perceive the advantages accruing from its form of government and methods; true, loyal, and faithful to the tri-colored flag, to his superior officers and to his corps and comrades.

3. *He will be energetic and industrious*—a man of boundless energy, activity, and toil. The duties of his position convince him that it is impossible for him to fulfil his obligations unless he is "up and doing," ever pushing the war with vigor and zeal.

4. *He will possess intelligence and ability.* None but the foolish would attempt to discount these qualifications. To be godly is good, but a Sergeant-Major is required to combine godliness with ability. He will be quick to recognize the causes of success or failure, ready to adapt himself to new ideas and plans, well versed in the Scriptures, understands the "why and wherefore" of things, and when questioned by his comrades, is able to give the information or advice required.

5. *He will be capable of leading and inspiring others.* It is one thing to give instructions, but another thing to inspire people to carry them out. The model Sergeant-Major will inspire confidence and respect, and his comrades will follow him "to the death." Enthusiasm is contagious. Earnestness is like a fire, it spreads quickly, making everything bend to its mighty power. If the Sergeant-Major is desperately in earnest and enthusiastic, his example in these respects will bring fervency, fire, and out-and-outism in the corps, and the work of God will be carried forward with blessing and success.

6. *He will discharge his duties well.* He will understand that his position is no secure, but an actual fact, and in recognizing this he will seek to be punctual at the open-air meetings, ready to lead, if the officers so desire; attend to the order in the barracks; see that the doorkeepers are in their places, and not relegate to others the work he should do himself. It is possible for a Sergeant-Major to be a first-class soldier, and yet be totally inadequate to the proper discharge of his responsibilities. It is just as necessary that the Sergeant-Major should creditably perform all the duties of his

position as it is that the Captain should, and never protest or object to any instruction given by the officers in public, or let it be known that he does not quite agree with any plan or scheme, but will leave his protests, objections, and disagreements to a convenient season, when he can speak with his officer alone.

7. *He will be a good soldier,* possessing a soldier's spirit, ready to speak, sing, pray, beat the drum, carry the flag, or keep the door, and be in his right place either at the front or rear. A man of soldierly bearing and appearance, neat, clean, and smart; not conceited, but humble; not filled with the idea that all the good days are past; not grumbling and discontented, disobedient, or indifferent, but a soldier, brave, strong, courageous, patient, and persevering. The model Sergeant-Major will be the best soldier in the corps.

8. *He will be kind and forbearing.* He will be one who fully recognizes the value of kindness. He will not be hasty in coming to a conclusion, or quick to judge an unfortunate action of any comrade; not sharp to reprove, but ready to give kindly advice, earnest entreaty, forbearing with the young and weak, remembering their temptations, persecutions and difficulties: a man to whom the youngest and weakest will quickly turn with their sorrows and troubles.

9. *He will be willing to learn.* To imagine that everything has been learned, is an evidence of pride. The model Sergeant-Major will be aware of this. He will find new things to learn every day, new lessons to put into practice. He will profit by experience, and, alas! often, by the failure of others. He will learn from his officers. He will learn all he can about God, His love, His mercy, His justice, His punishments, and His rewards. He will learn from the Bible, from its promises, its warnings, its reproofs, its instruction. He will learn from the Army, and from his comrades.

10. *He will be up-to-date and progressive.* To grow old in years is pardonable, but to grow old in thought and ideas is not permissible. The Army is in constant evolution. It must keep up to the times. The mechanical and commercial world must not get ahead of it. Religion must ever be to the forefront, and in proportion as the Sergeant-Major realizes this, so will the work under his hands prosper. The Army cannot afford to be one day behind the times, much less five years. As new conditions arise, the Sergeant-Major will work hard to meet the requirements of those new conditions, and if one method does not succeed another will be adopted, always, of course with the consent of his officers, and in harmony with the principles, doctrines, and regulations of the Army.

11. *He will show his colors.* It will always be known that he is a Salvationist, and whose side he is on. He will wear full uniform as much as possible, always carrying his badge of office, so that any stranger may know that he is the Sergeant-Major of the corps. It is an awkward thing for the Provincial Officer to come around and not know who the Sergeant-Major is. It sometimes happens that neither by stripes nor work can this Local Officer be discovered. But the model man is at the front, his stripes are on his arm, and he is in his place.

12. *He will beware of criticism,* and will bear in mind that he is, after the officers, the spiritual adviser of the corps, a father in Israel, a comrade among comrades, the friend of all, the enemy of none, godly, upright, honorable, and true, his motto ever "God's Kingdom and God's glory first," and the salvation of sinners the one great theme of his life.

There are many other things that could be said about the model Sergeant-Major. Briefly, he will be a confidential friend to everybody, not a busybody or a chatterer, and treat the confidences of his comrades as sacred. But he will always reprove anything like wrong-doing or disloyalty. He will be just in all his dealings, giving praise to whom it is due, a man who supports and stands by his officers, strengthening their hands, and seeking by every power he possesses to advance the interests of the Kingdom of God in the Salvation Army.

DUNDAS LOCAL OFFICERS.

Dundas, Ont., is a town of about four thousand inhabitants, and was opened in the early days of the Army in Canada. It has seen many changes, has given a number of good officers to the field, and has today a nice corps of Salvationists.



Capt. L. Branigan.

Capt. Branigan, who has been on furlough at her home for some time, on account of her mother's illness, has been appointed Secretary. She was converted nineteen years ago in the Salvation Army, and is still faithfully doing her best for God and souls in this town.

J. W. Dickson, Junior Soldier Sergt.-Major, was born in the town of Dundas, in the year 1865. From earliest childhood he was surrounded by the influences of a Christian home,

and especially protected and cared for by a godly mother, to whose influence it seemed the most natural thing for him to bend. Converted in a Methodist revival, at the age of eighteen, he joined the church then. On the advent of the S. A. to the town, however, he felt the call to work with it, and the promptings of the Spirit to a closer fellowship. Here he made the first mistake in his heretofore almost unclouded experience. Friends said, "Don't go. Lots of work in the church. You will only kill yourself," etc., etc. This is the very same way the devil has deceived others, and, alas! he was successful in this case also.

For years he was haunted by what might have been. In an Army meeting, January, 1890, he left it all with Jesus, stepped out on the promise, "My grace is sufficient," and to-day rejoices in the knowledge that he has proved it true.

Brother Dickenson, War Cry Sergeant, was converted at Manchester, England, about thirty years ago. Before conversion he was a wrestler. One night, while coming from a wrestling match, he saw the Salvation Army holding an open-air meeting. He stopped and listened. A sister pointed him out and said, "You will wrestle with the devil until he will beat you!" Those words

sent conviction to his heart, and there and then he knelt at the big drum, deciding to leave his old companions and serve God. He is now a War Cry Sergeant.

Drum-Sergt. Charles Arns writes: "A little of my life before I came to Jesus. Some people said to me, 'A man does not sin unless he kills someone, or robs his neighbor.' Well, I didn't do either, but I was a sinner. Drink was taking me to hell, and I knew it. I can tell you, when drink is in a man there is not much good in him. It was so in my case; but the day came when God saw fit to let me come to the little town of

Dundas. There He gave me a chance to go to the Army meeting, where I heard of His love, and I thought that was what I needed to make a man of me. I sought it and found it, and now I am happy. Since I gave myself to Jesus, He gave Himself to me. May God bless the Army all round the world."



J. W. Dickson.



B. Dickenson.



Chas. Arns.

The War Cry.

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All manuscript to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly.

GAZETTE.

Promotions—

Cadet Winholdt, of Central Training Home, to be Pro-Lieutenant at Newmarket.

Appointments—

ADJUT. BYERS, Charlottetown, to St. John's I., Nfld., Corps and Training Garrison.

ENSIGN LAWS to Charlottetown Corps and New Glasgow and P. E. I. Districts.

ENSIGN J. ANDREWS, Eastport, to Amherst.

ENSIGN HOWCROFT, Simcoe, to Thedford.

Marriage—

Capt. N. Bracc, out of Dildo, Nfld., and is now stationed at Pilley's Island, to Capt. Emma Spracklin, out of Charlottetown, Nfld., at Charlottetown, Nfld., on December 22nd, 1902, by Brigadier Smeeton.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Commissioner.



The Siege's Success.

The Siege has been closed with the Universal enrolment on Good Friday, and the reports from the leading corps of the Territory show a very gratifying result. Over seventy recruits and soldiers were enrolled by the Chief Secretary, in the Temple, on Good Friday, and equally encouraging results are reported from other centres. This puts the seal of Divine approval upon the effort, for while the effects of the Siege cannot be estimated only by the visible results of the number of penitents that came forward, yet the actual enlisting of fighting soldiers out of that number is a safe guide to judge the Siege, and the most tangible and useful result felt in the reinforcement of our troops. May these new comrades, whom we heartily welcome into our ranks, be kept faithful and active by the inexhaustible store of Divine grace.

Easter at Peterboro.

(Special.)

The General Secretary, accompanied by Mrs. Gaskin and Eva, Staff-Capt. H. Morris, and Ens. Easton, spent a delightful three days with the comrades of this charming corps. The seven meetings held, not including open-air, were inspiring and helpful to a degree, and resulted in nine souls at the cross, and \$35 in the offerings. Everyone delighted with the Colonel's addresses, as well as with the musical festival on Monday night. In spite of such little difficulties as two days' search for a piano, and nothing but one of ancient date to be secured, a broken stool, and other minor matters, the musicians gave a good account of themselves.

The band gave splendid assistance in all the meetings, acquitting themselves with credit.

We shall not be slow to accept the hearty invitation to "Come again," when opportunity offers.

A DAY AT THE CROSS.

Colonel Jacobs Conducts Special United Services at the Temple—Eight Souls—Seventy-Two Soldiers Enrolled.

The Chief Secretary, assisted by the Territorial and Provincial Staff, conducted three special services at the Temple on Good Friday. Major and Mrs. Stanyon and the Cadets were also in evidence. The city officers and soldiers were full of life and enthusiasm. "Shouting Jimmy" was able to shout as loud as ever, although he made the startling announcement that he had just been sick for two weeks. The Chief Secretary's addresses were marked as usual by his earnestness and zeal for souls. Good crowds attended all the meetings, the large auditorium being packed at night. Four of the city corps' bands rendered excellent music. The Holy Ghost power was manifest. It was a triumphant finish to the special Siege effort. Seventy-two soldiers were enrolled under the blood-and-fire flag, eight names were registered in heaven.

New Citadel at Windsor, Ont.

(By Wire.)

Windsor's new citadel was successfully opened by Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs. The building was gorged Sunday afternoon and night, and crowds unable to gain admittance. Twelve seekers for the day, and finances excellent. Mr. Sutherland, M.P., in the chair. The Colonel was in fine trim, and was ably assisted by Mrs. Jacobs, Brigadier Horn, and other Staff Officers.

Ensign and Mrs. White—newly promoted—and Windsor comrades are jubilant over their new building, which is second to none in the Territory.—Brigadier McMillan.

Belleville Revival.

(By Wire.)

Our revival campaign at Belleville is being much owned and blessed of God. Good Friday two mighty meetings held when a number sought the Lord. This (Sunday) morning, soul-melting time. Soldiers in good form. Open-air demonstrations glorious. Great conviction rests upon the people, tears freely shed in different parts of the hall. Sixteen souls up to the present. More to follow. Praise the Lord!—Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire.

Hamilton's Easter Meetings.

(Special.)

The visit of Brigadier and Mrs. Pickering, assisted by Staff-Capt. Cass, thoroughly stirred the Ambitious City. Saturday night's welcome demonstration was well attended, and one soul received a welcome home to Jesus. The Salvation Army was early at it on Sunday, and many were awakened from their dreams by the strains of music at 7 a.m. Eighty-three present at knee-drill was a grand climax to Staff-Captain McAmmond's efforts.

The Brigadier, though not physically well, worked like a Trojan. Mrs. Pickering's singing touched many hearts, while the Chancellor was in evidence all the time. Souls at every meeting gladdened our hearts, God was glorified, and about 11 p.m. we closed the meeting feeling we were somewhere between heaven and earth.—"Joyful."

The Eastern Chancellor on Tour.

(By Wire.)

Major Howell, accompanied by Lieut. DeBow, conducted the Easter services at New Glasgow. Meetings exceptionally good; packed houses in spite of the stormy day. Sixteen souls out for pardon and purity. Income for week splendid. Westville visited Monday. Finances grand, and one soul; crowd exceptionally large.—W. R. Carter, Ensign.

Territorial Newslets.

Salvationists, in this Territory at least, awoke early Easter Sunday morning. We are not in possession of the particulars from all corps; but the information which has reached us leads us to believe that large crowds everywhere turned out at the early hour of 6.30 a.m. for knee-drill. There was rivalry between Hamilton I. and the Temple, and let it be said in a whisper that the Ambitious City beat the latter by nearly a dozen, the Temple not including the forty Cadets who were there specialising. Nevertheless it was a good sight to see seventy-seven at the Temple for an early-morning march, with nearly a full band at the head, playing sweet strains of music, and one hundred and seven inside.

Eighty-three at Hamilton was really splendid, and over seventy at Lippincott. We hear London, Ont., did magnificently, but the figures are not yet to hand. Staff-Captain Goodwin's target was one hundred.

One hundred and seventy souls were saved during the Siege in the city of Toronto.

Kingsville has only been opened a few weeks, yet there were fifty-two new converts on the march on the occasion of the recent visit of Brigadier McMillan. The people of Kingsville have received the Army with great kindness, in fact the officials of the town turned on the electric light that the streets might be light for the Army to march. Capt. Crafts and Cook have large crowds every night.

Brigadier McMillan has arranged for Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Coombs to do two weeks' special meetings at Kingsville from April 15th to 27th.

The Spokane forces are divided into two, and sometimes three, brigades for open-air work on Sundays; and on certain nights in the week, with very good results.

Brigadier McMillan, accompanied by Major Rawling, will open Aymer on Saturday and Sunday, April 18th and 19th.

"Daddy Dixon," who had become a familiar sight for many years, with his bundle of War Cry, is no more, so far as this life is concerned. On Tuesday, April 14th, while crossing the street-car tracks at the corner of Gerrard and Church Streets, he was struck by the fender of a street car; he was picked up unconscious through a blow received on the head, and died on the Wednesday.

Staff-Capt. McLean has successfully opened Glace Bay No. 11. Finances have been good, and quite a number of souls have been saved. It is believed there is a great future ahead of this corps. Londonderry will be opened on the 16th inst.

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Sharp have safely landed in Bermuda. They had a very stormy passage down, but both proved to be good sailors. They had an excellent start at Hamilton, in the first meeting twenty came forward.

Plans are under consideration for new barracks and quarters at Woodstock, New Glasgow, and Dominion, C.B.

WILLIAM BOOTH.

BY MORLEY L. SWART.

He saw with pitying eyes, men going down,
Down to perdition and dishonored graves,
Crushed by sin's weight, bereft of manhood's crown.

And tossed like wreckage on life's surging waves—

He heard the cry of those who, like the man
Wounded upon the road to Jericho—
But, with no friends, no good Samaritan,
To tender aid, true sympathy to show;
With love and faith unquenchable he went.
To those accursed by bad heredity,
In love's labor to spend and to be spent,
To preach repentance, set the captives free;
His life, his talents, all he freely gave,
To help the helpless, elevate and save.



Great Britain.

The General's reception in the great Albert Hall evidently beggars description. From one source and another news has come which leads us to believe that the General's welcome, after his victorious campaign on this continent, could not in any sense have been surpassed.

An old Canadian writes: "You will be glad to know that the General's reception at the Albert Hall was a grand success. I have never seen anything like it. Ten thousand people were packed in the great building, from floor to ceiling, and thousands were after tickets but could not obtain them. It was an eye-opener, if you like. I have seen a good many sights in my day, but nothing came anywhere near what took place last night. The General, hale and hearty, was on deck, a picture of health, and at least apparently good for another twenty years.

"When the photo of Canada's Commissioner appeared on the sheet a storm of applause echoed and re-echoed throughout the building. I almost wondered whether you heard it over there. The General spoke in the highest esteem of her, and the advance throughout her command.

"The march past, representing every branch of the work, was a most unique and inspiring sight."

Two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars is the amount raised for this year's Self-Denial-Effort in Great Britain, being a splendid advance on 1902, although our comrades did magnificently then.

The Liverpool Courier says: "General Booth, who met with an enthusiastic reception, gave evidence of the remarkable vitality which is still left in him by speaking for nearly one hour and a half. It was a tribute to his eloquence and oratorical capabilities that during the whole of that time he commanded the rapt attention of his hearers."

The General has concluded a series of monster meetings at Manchester. Fourteen thousand people congregated to hear the General. One hundred and thirty-seven penitents came out in the Sunday night meeting. The General's coolness prevented a panic when someone called "Fire!" and a woman leaped from the gallery onto the heads of the people below.

United States.

The Toledo Salvage and Sanitary Company have sold out their plant to us, and we have been placed in a position where we have no other competitor for the waste product. This week (our first in power) we have turned out over four tons of scrap paper, and we expect to double this in a few weeks.

St. Joseph, Mo., is enjoying a salvation boom. The new hall and Shelter have resulted in packed congregations, and twenty new soldiers. Sharon, Mich., reports ninety souls for one week. Clinton Junction fifty. St. Charles thirty. Cheboygan twenty souls in one meeting. Connersville twenty souls in one meeting, and so on and so on! Among the remarkable captures reported are a railway engineer, who had deserted his wife for a week, and spent \$100 in gambling, drink and drugs; a woman saved at the drumhead; a woman saved who had never prayed, though fifty-five years old; a man of eighty-six converted at a poorhouse; a lawyer, a minister's son, and a man who had spent five years in the ministry. Hallelujah!

Staff-Captain Trufore of the Los Angeles Rescue Work, has been appointed to quite a unique position. She has received a commission as special police officer, and will be entitled to wear a star. As far as is known, the Staff-Captain is the first woman to receive a commission

of this kind in the State. This has been done in order to bring her in closer touch with the police department in the Rescue Work. Over 300 girls have passed through the Los Angeles Home since it has been opened.

The new Provincial Headquarters for New England will be situated at 850 Washington St., the busiest thoroughfare in Boston. A four-story building, with basement, has been taken. The first and second floors have been fitted up for the executive offices, the third and fourth floors for officers' apartments. The basement will be devoted to relief supplies.

India.

The result of the thirteenth Self-Denial Effort in India and Ceylon shows an advance of 1,400 rupees (\$465) above last year's amount. This is all the more significant in that the greater portion of the gifts have come from our own Indian people. The Territory amounts to \$5,750.

Lieut.-Colonel Yesu Ratnam has had a very affectionate send-off from South India, where he has worked for the greater part of his Indian career, his final farewell meeting was held in a village where he had been previously set upon and beaten for Christ's sake. Since then the village has, of course, forsaken heathenism. At the Colonel's meeting all the villagers rose en masse and gave themselves afresh to God, every hand being raised as they sang together, "I'll be true, Lord, to Thee."

The Maharajah of Travancore passed through Nagercoil, India, on his return from the Delhi Durbar, where he had had new honors conferred upon him from the Emperor. The Salvation Army was represented at the public welcome given him by the town. After the ceremonies, Adj. (Dr.) Turner had a personal interview with the Maharajah, and also met the Dewan, or the Prime Minister of the State.

The meetings in the Skittle Alley, Bombay, are being continued and the interest kept up. Souls are still being saved in that old rendezvous.

Bombay has had many attractions of late, but in spite of this our converts have remained firm, the cross being the greater attraction, and giving evidence that more than a superficial work has been wrought in their hearts.

There is such an eagerness to attend the meetings, hearty singing, response to earnest prayers, readiness to testify, and endeavors for the salvation of their own comrades characterizing the Leaguers, as has not been seen for some considerable time past, and it is with thankful hearts and we praise God for this manifestation of His acknowledgement of the efforts put forth, crowning the same with such a measure of success.

This revival is not the result of a new Battery being transferred, but, so far as the human is concerned, commenced through the consistency of life and persevering, determined effort of one of the converts who labored day and night, using every conceivable justifiable means in his earnest desire for the salvation of his fellows and the extension of the Kingdom of God in the interest of the organization he loves. The fire spread, and thank God is still spreading. We are not only making converts, but in a recent meeting enrolled under the blood-and-fire flag several who desired it, and who had given evidence of conversion for the regulation probationary period as Leaguers of the Salvation Army.

It is needless to say that the officers in charge, Capts. Carter and Bancroft, are jubilant, and we are all praying and believing that this is but the earnest of a wonderful outpouring of God's Spirit. May it be so!—Leaguer H. D. G.

Japan.

Colonel Bullard reports that the Self-Denial Effort just concluded realized 177 yen more than last year. The total raised was 1,911 yen

(\$955) which is a large amount for that country.

"One of the features of the trades' demonstration," says Major Duce, of Japan, "was the first public appearance of our League of Mercy—a band of women officers and soldiers for the visitation of hospitals, prisons, etc. Over thirty members enrolled in Tokyo alone before this meeting, and they all turned up, with one exception. They wore a badge on the front of their kimonos (dresses). They had a good reception, and were much encouraged. Their actual visiting and other work starts at once. The literal translation of the characters appearing on their badges is: "Love Neighbor Band." This makes a very expressive name in Japanese, and, we are inclined to think, for the work it is proposed to do, it is even an improvement on English."

Sweden.

An old man at Sefle, Sweden, who has held a Grace-Before-Meat Box for several years, has regularly put one ore (the nineteenth part of one shilling) in his box every day, so that even though he should secure nothing in it from friends, he is sure to raise about four shillings for the Social Work every year.

During the recent cold period a vessel was frozen in a south-east Swedish harbor. Time consequently hung heavily on the skipper's hands, and he began to attend the Army meetings in the town, and—got converted. His home is on the Island of Oland, where we, as yet, have no corps. With the skipper's assistance, however, we are likely to get a footing on the Island.

London's Siege Celebration.

(By Wire.)

Grand closing of the Siege Good Friday and Easter Sunday. We have added fourteen new soldiers to the roll; have secured five new Corps-Cadets. Sunday we met at the Market Square and marched, fifty-six strong, the band leading. It was good to be there. The march was followed by the knee-drill. Eighty-two were present. A Scriptural Easter egg was presented to everyone who came. Three souls were saved during the day. Praise God!—Staff-Capt. Goodwin.

Easter at the Temple.

(Special.)

The Cadets of the Territorial Training Home, under the direction of their Principals, visited the Temple on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, and scored grand victories. Eighteen souls for the week-end, and crowded meetings were among the results.

Major and Mrs. Stanyon, assisted by Staff-Capts. Scarr and Perry, ably directed the meetings, and have reason to feel cheered on account of the very encouraging results. Sunday's offerings alone amounted to about \$32.

Easter Councils at Kingston.

Kingston Councils, conducted by Brigadier Turner and Staff-Capt. Creighton, tremendous success. Over fifty Field and Local Officers attended; largest number in Kingston for years. Locals greatly elated over privilege of attending councils. Showers of blessing came from above on all. Fifteen hundred attended public meetings. Crowds to mid-day open-air. Nationality meeting completely captivated the crowds. Zulu, Chinaman, cowboy, Australian, etc., created great excitement on the streets. Easter Sunday eclipsed all. Sixty-five attended knee-drill. Twenty-five for salvation and sanctification at close of Sunday night meeting. Six volunteered for officership. Meetings will do great amount of good.—Fred R. Bloss, Adj.

NURSES WANTED!

An Appeal by the Commissioner.

Every day brings fresh demands upon our Women's Industrial Institutions. Our officers' hands are overfilled, our Homes are crowded, every cot in our children's nurseries, and every adult dormitory is occupied. The responsibility of extending these walls of mercy and widening these doors of hope, so far as bricks and mortar are in the question, I will take upon my own shoulders, but the more pressing need at the moment are nurses to watch over the sick bed, officers to care for neglected infancy, and sympathetic, strong hearts to serve and control.

I would like to ask any of my soldiers, friends or converts, who have not as yet found their post upon God's wide battlefield, and who may possess knowledge of nursing or whose souls are stirred with pity for the erring and would like to consecrate their energies and strength for their saving, to write me personally for further information. Any age under forty-five is open for acceptance. Widowhood need be no barrier. Ex-officers are invited to offer.

Address:

COMMISSIONER EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Salvation Army,
Toronto, Ont.

Kindly mark your communication "Private."

FRIENDSHIP.

GEMS GATHERED BY LIEUT.-COLONEL MRS. READ.

"A friend—it is another name for God, Whose love inspires all love, is all in all, Profane it not, lest lowest shame befall! Worship no idol, whether star or clod, Nor think that any friend is truly thine, Save as life's closest link with love divine."
—Lucy Larcom.

"In spite of the vulgar materialism of our day, we do feel that the spiritual side of life is the most important and brings the only true joy. A friendship, in its essence, is spiritual. It is the free, spontaneous outflow of the heart, and is a gift from the great Giver.

"Friends are born, not made. At least, it is so with the higher sort."—Hugh Black.

"What is friendship? 'Tis a gem
Most brilliant in life's diadem,
A boon that is so rarely given
Bright as it left its home in heaven."

"Next in value to the love and grace of God is true, strong, human friendship. In our bright, prosperous hours we are not apt to realize the full worth to us of our friends. We do not know how much they do for us, how much of our life's joy we owe to them, how much of our prosperity; nor do we realize what their influence is in the making of our character."

"It is a friendly heart that has plenty of friends."—Thackeray.

"Friendship is to be purchased only by friendship."—Thomas Wilson.

"The real test of fidelity in friendship is when others doubt or question, and when there is room or occasion for two opinions as to a friend's conduct and appearance. True friendship evidences itself when one has to walk by faith, and not by sight. If one rests his trust on the friend because of what others think of that friend, that is one thing—there is no special friendship in that. But real friendship does not depend on outside testimony or opinions."—S.S. Times.

"Friendship, like phosphorus, is seen plainest when all around is dark."

"Every soul that touches ours leaves its impression on us. We get good from every pure, gentle, genial companion of even a few moments. How much more, then, do we receive from the friend who walks by our side and whose friendship sings sweet songs in our ears and hearts for years and years? There will be a silver thread in every life-web when it is finished, woven into the tissue by the friendship of many days; and there will be a touch of beauty on the canvas, put there by every good and holy hand that has ever been laid upon us in momentary greeting or benediction."

"But with it all, in spite of the fact of the community of human life, there is the other fact of the singleness of human life. We have a life which we must live alone. We can never get past the ultimate fact of the personal responsibility of each. We may be leaves from the same tree of life, but no two leaves are alike. We may be wrapped up in the same bundle, but one bundle can contain very different things. Each of us is colored with the same shade, separate and peculiar. We have our own special powers of intellect, our own special experience, our own moral conscience, our own mortal life to live. So, while it is true that we stand or fall together, it is also true—and it is a deeper truth—that we stand or fall alone."—Stalker.

"Friendship is the sunny smile
Brightening life at every turn;
Friendship true, set free from guile,
Warms the heart, but does not burn."

"The classic instance of David and Jonathan represents the typical friendship. They met, and at the meeting knew each other to be nearer than kindred. By subtle elective affinity they felt that they belonged to each other. Out of all the chaos of the time and the disorder of their lives, there arose for those two souls a new and beautiful world, where there reigned peace, and love, and sweet content. It was the miracle of the death of self. Jonathan forgot his pride, and David his ambition. It was as the smile of God which changed the world to them."
—Hugh Black.

"But friendship can sometimes show its strength as much by the readiness with which it accepts benefits by the freedom with which it gives them. It proves by this its confidence in the love on the other side. Jesus gave such a proof of the depth of His friendship for John, when, hanging on the cross, He asked the beloved disciple to adopt Mary as his own mother. Never was there a more delicate expression given to friendship. Jesus did not ask him if he would; He took his devotion for granted; and this trust was the greatest honor that could have been conferred on the disciple."—Stalker.

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Sharp in Bermuda.

The long-expected's come at last, in the advent of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. J. D. Sharp, the Provincial Officers for the East. Not having the privilege of having any Specials down this way, a visit from them was looked upon as a rare treat, and our expectations have been fully realized. The visitors reached Hamilton on Thursday morning, by the "Pretoria," and on the same night were found in a soldiers' meeting, when God, the Holy Ghost, came right upon us, and enabled nineteen souls to lay their all on the altar, and claim the blessing of a clean heart. One backslider also came and found rest from his sorrow. The Wednesday was announced as a welcome meeting. A good crowd turned out, filling the barracks. An address of welcome was read by the D. G., to which the entire audience rose to signify their accord. Speeches were made by Ensign Sabine, S.-M. Smith, J. S. S.-M. Groener, and the Bandmaster, all expressing their pleasure at his visit, and wishing him all the good possible. Mrs. Sharp spoke, and went down wholesale. The Colonel read from the Word of God. The Holy Ghost struck home, and the result was six souls in the fountain.

St. George's comes next, and we are believing to see the same results all round the District. Lieut. Corkum's singing was also a feature of these meetings.—A. Crichton, District Officer.

The Little Breakers.

Frankie, a boy of six years, was very fond of listening to poetry; and Longfellow's "Wreck of the Hesperus" had moved his memory, if not his imagination. His baby sister dragged a dish from the table. It slipped from her hands to the floor and broke. At the crash her mother, without speaking, looked at her severely; and the child, a sensitive little thing, burst into loud crying. Frankie looked up quizzically: "She's a little breaker, isn't she, mamma? And the little breakers roar."

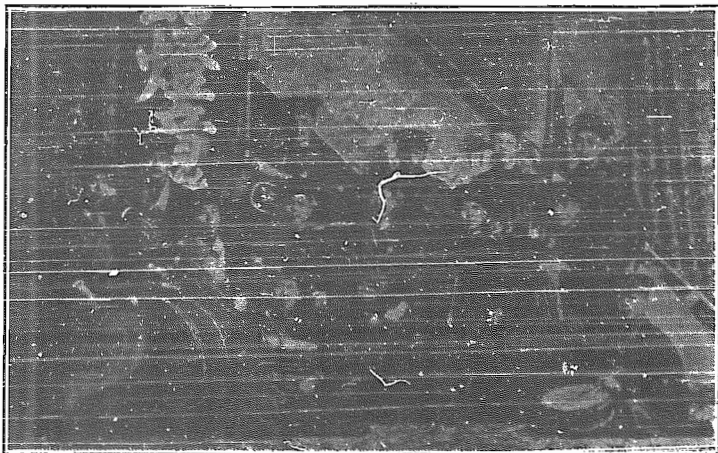
"My Life is Lost!"

A young man who had been a nominal Christian lay dying. Passing his room, his mother heard him saying:

"Lost! lost! lost!"

The mother ran into the room, and cried, "My boy, is it possible you have lost your hope in Christ, now you are dying?"

"No, mother, it is not that. I have a hope beyond the grave, but I have lost my life. I have lived twenty-four years and have done nothing for the Son of God, and now I am dying. My life has been spent for myself. My life is lost!"



Our First Japanese Brass Band.

WIFE.—One of our comrades, Mrs. Whittiers, has told down the cross and takes up the cross. She was called to her reward just a few weeks after her husband, Mr. Whittiers was a great sufferer many years with that dreadful disease, cancer, and during the last few years of his life he was so weak that he visited her quite often, and found her even in her pain always cheerful and full of life and faith. He died a few, Oh, blessed I suppose, to be able to say "O death, where is thy sting? I O grave, where is thy victory?"

WIFE.—I have been married to my husband as Army funeral, and as we looked upon her remains, we promised God again that we would be true. We believe that the people were intended to feel their need of preparing to stand before their God.

She has gone, and we shall miss her, but we shall all meet again.

WE pray for the bereaved family, who have lost a loving mother, we believe that this shall be the means of drawing out their hearts to the Father who is the Father of all.

Life Sketch of Prof. W. A. Hawley, Of Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Bro. Hawley was born and brought up at Campbellford, Ont., his parents being among the first settlers of that town. At the early age of eleven he was organist of the Methodist Church there, and the organist's little white head, whose top was barely visible over the cabinet organ in the gallery, was the subject of many public references. At sixteen he was leader of the choir.

This is what he says of his early convictions: "I bless God for a praying father, who often took me with him to the class-meeting. I never forgot the kind words of Mr. Turner, the class-leader, who always gave 'Willie' a tender admonition. An old-time revival meeting at this time deepened my convictions. One night there were fifteen weeping at the mercy seat, and I was one of them. Seldom, if ever, have I felt exactly the same quality of joy as that night when my heart was at peace with earth and heaven. The minister's wife, who led me out, has always been a saint in my calendar."

He had a good high-school education, and afterwards spent a year at the Medical College, in Toronto. But music had too many charms, and the way being opened, he enjoyed an advanced musical education at the Boston Conservatory of Music, being assistant organist at Tremont Temple during the last few months of his course. An accident to one of his fingers resulted in his abandoning music as a profession, and took up piano-tuning, locating at Charlottetown, P.E.I. In addition to this work, he was for over twelve years organist and director of one of the city choirs. He always endeavored, as far as possible, to have a band of singers who were Christians or in active sympathy with church work.

Nevertheless, as he says, he did not take life seriously for many years, and a great deal of his labor appeared to him to have been routine, and lacking the in pelling stimulus of

EAGER LOVE TO SERVE CHRIST.

He was always of a democratic disposition. He felt within him a natural interest in the affairs of the common people—the poor and struggling ones. The rich or well-to-do could get along very well; but the poor had many disabilities and few friends to help or counsel. It always gave him satisfaction that he felt himself to be no more or no less than their equal in the battle of life, and his heart ever warmed towards them, ever wishing to share, and share alike, in the joys and sorrows of this world.

The steps leading to better things in our comrade's life were somewhat unique. There was a growing inward longing for an experience of warmer and more abiding love. His soul craved a deeper work of grace and a sense of living, "every-day-and-hour communion with Jesus." A sermon by a world-noted evangelist, and the reading of a certain book, were rays before the daybreak.

He had seldom attended Army meetings, partly because fully occupied with church duties, and partly because not really taking the Army seriously, though he says an Army bonnet was always to him an emblem of concrete goodness, and Army music had blessed him and taken firm hold of his heart.

HOW HE MET THE ARMY.

How he finally came into touch with the Army is best told in his own words:

"One Sunday afternoon I dropped into the meeting. The officer was about as smiling and happy an aggregation as I had ever seen. The joy sparkled from her eyes, and happiness and hallooings from her lips. But her singing!—when she sang I could only say, 'She is in love with Jesus,' for only a lover could sing so. The other feature of that meeting for me was the singing of the little Lieutenant. She pitched right in; she worked at it till she got red in the face. She sang all over. It was 'Let it go,' and she let it go, and everybody let it go on the chorus. That was the first of several meetings for me. Everybody seemed happy—seemed to have a real, live, wide-awake religion. That was the very thing that I wanted, and that was

what I felt I must and would have. If you want a thing bad enough you're going to get it. I got it. Praise the Lord! But that didn't appear to me a sufficient reason why I should join the Army. Simultaneously I knew the Army was my place. Those democratic instincts were to receive sanctified direction for good. There was no mistaking God's call. It was clear. It came to me one Sunday-morning as I was playing the organ in church; and the first thoughts were of the sacrifices I would have to make. All around me they were singing a hymn of praise and rejoicing, and the organ was giving its brightest and loudest tones, but the player's eyes were raining tears. I loved my organ as the violinist loves his violin; and I loved my choir—it was not easy to give them up. I clung to them long after the uniform went on, which was to me a cherished evidence that I was loved in return; and after I resigned I was given to feel that I carried with me their love, and their prayers. I also had fears that I would lose customers in my business. How artfully does the great deceiver seek to muddle the 'grey matter' at such times. Of course I didn't lose a customer; on the contrary, have continued to enjoy my share, and more, of patronage and public favor.

"The claims of full salvation were presented to me, for the first time, in a half-night of prayer, led by Ensign Alward, and entire consecration was made without hesitation and in



PROF. W. H. HAWLEY.

faith, looking above. I see much to do for Jesus—more than I can ever hope to do; always an accumulation of back work. My debt to Him is very great, and I am glad to work away with all my might, as an earnest of my love. There is lots of hard work, but earth-spoiled jewels are plentiful, and I am finding some, and so am hoping that my crown may not be starless in the morning of the triumph day. If He but give me the comfort of His daily presence, and His wonderful salvation into heavenly delights, that were infinite reward."

AN ACTIVE WORKER.

Locally, Bro. Hawley is active in all features of the work. He is in evidence at all "goes," and takes pleasure in helping every effort, whether it be of corps, Junior, or Band of Love: He has held several local offices, but prefers to be untitled. His drill girls, whose success has been Provincial, know him as "Uncle Will."

In conjunction with Mr. Chas. Palmer, K.C., our brother has also, for some years, conducted services at the P. E. I. Hospital, which have brought great comfort to the suffering ones; many patients have been led to Jesus, being healed in soul as well as body.

In the larger circle, Bro. Hawley is best known by his Army songs, several of which have been used all round the world. Those published include: "From the General down to me," "Who'll follow?" "Shall you, shall I?" "Jesus is the One I love," and others.

Among his many songs are: "Ever true to Jesus and the Army," "Salvation, Jesus, and me," "Jesus now is calling," "Safe in port," "Jesus near and precious," "My Lord and I," "Feasting at the table of the King," "Meet with us again," "The corps by sea," and many others.

In each and all of Bro. Hawley's songs, the writer has sought to touch the heart, and get at the fundamental principles of a real salvation. He also seeks to bring the soul into a more definite touch with Jesus, but whatever honor there is in connection with his songs, he is anxious that Charlottetown corps should have it rather than himself.

He also seeks the advice and criticism of comrades as to his songs, to the end that he may do better work. Any comrade may write freely, as our brother expresses himself as quite beyond the place where he can be either spoiled by praise or discouraged by rebuke.

A Visit to Jerusalem.

"Jerusalem has no street lamps, no policemen, no postmen, no newspapers, no printing-presses, no book stores (except one outside the walls for the sale of Bibles). The people do not sing or laugh, and even the children do not play as in other cities." Such is the description of the sacred city given by Rev. J. P. Macphie, M.A., of Hopewell, Nova Scotia, in his book entitled, "The Home Land of the Bible." Mr. Macphie visited Palestine as a postgraduate course of Biblical study after the hard work of a first pastorate of five years. He aims not simply at a book of travel, but to connect the places visited with historic events, and to give illustrations and confirmations of Scripture. Mr. Macphie and his party, about twenty in all, being in Jerusalem during Easter week, decided to observe the Lord's Supper on the Thursday, and afterwards to walk over the Via Dolorosa, across the brook Kedron, up to Gethsemane and the Mount of Olives, following the footsteps of Christ and His disciples. They met at eight o'clock in the evening in an upper room, said by tradition to be the house of St. Mark, where Peter found refuge after his escape from prison. It was on Mount Zion and could not have been far from the place where the first Supper was celebrated nearly nineteen centuries before. When they got beyond the city walls they could see in the full light of the paschal moon, the whole of the Mount of Olives and the Holy City. They came on another company of pilgrims who were singing hymns, led by Mr. and Mrs. Stebbins, of New York, and joined with them in singing:

"'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow,
The star is dimmed that lately shone;
'Tis midnight in the garden now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone."

It was a solemn and long-to-be-remembered season.

A Terrible Experience.

The London Daily Graphic of March 24th has the following: A woman named Sarah Rafferty had a terrible experience at Paisley on Saturday night. She walked into Espedart Burn, which was in flood, and was swept away and carried into the sewer, into which the Burn runs before joining the River Cart. In the sewer she caught hold of a projecting ledge and climbed upon it. The place was swarming with rats, and the woman had great difficulty in keeping off their attacks. Much of her clothing was torn or gnawed away. Altogether she was in the sewer for eight hours. At the end of that time the rising water swept her off the ledge, and she was carried into the River Cart, where she got hold of the bank and was rescued. Yesterday the woman was little the worse for her extraordinary experience.

"The secret of friendship is just the secret of all spiritual blessings. The way to get is to give. The selfish in the end can never get anything but selfishness, the hard find hardness everywhere. As you mete it is meted out to you."—Hugh Black.

The Albanians.

In considering the present ominous situation in Macedonia, it should be borne in mind that the feud between the Christians and the Mussulmans of Albania is incapable of settlement by any means short of the complete subjection of one or the other. At one time all Albanians were Christians and belonged to either the Roman or Greek rite. But after the death of their last and greatest hero, Scanderbeg, in the year 1467, and the subjugation of their country by the Turks, more than half the population embraced Mohammedanism and signaled their conversion by atrocious cruelty and treachery towards those who had remained true to Christianity. From that time to the present day the blood-feud has continued, no year having ever passed without witnessing murderous conflicts between tribes and neighbors equally fanatical, ferocious, and unforgiving. The Sultan is powerless to compel the Albanians to accept reforms. Although they possess one of the most beautiful and fruitful regions of Europe, they have always preferred to live by robbery and piracy. In the Turkish army they hold the position once occupied by the Janissaries, only much more firmly and independently, for no Sultan dare attempt to suppress them. In their own native mountain fastnesses they are practically independent of all government, save that of the pashas, who can only maintain authority by adopting their customs. Ali Pasha, the famous governor of Janina, was neither the first nor the last of Albanian pashas who set the Sultan at defiance, and maintained a little despotism of his own by a system of plunder and murder. While civilization has advanced in the rest of Europe, Albania remains as it was five hundred years ago. The only change is the possession of modern arms by the ruffianly mountaineers. It will, therefore, be seen how hopeless it is to expect the Sultan, or any other power on earth, can keep these people from murdering each other, except by sending an overwhelming army into their country and establishing permanent garrisons to keep them in awe. Owing to their turbulent character and endless tribal wars, the population of their country remains about stationary at a little over a million, estimated, for an attempt to take a census would arouse suspicions that would end the work of the enumerators with their lives the first day. These half-civilized people, of whom Byron gives such a vivid description in *Childe Harold*, are not to be confounded with the Turks. They are a mixed race of Greeks and Slavs, grafted on the old Illyrian stock. In case of an uprising, the world may expect a hideous repetition of the horrors of old-time wars between Christians and Moslems when pity or mercy were unknown on either side.—Montreal Witness.

"PLAY THE MAN."

Do all things like a man, not sneakingly;
Think the king sees thee still; for his King does.
Simpering is but a lay hypocrisy;
Give it a corner and the clue undoes.

Who fears to do ill sets himself to task;
Who fears to do well sure should wear a mask.

What skills it, if a bag of stones or gold
About thy neck do drown thee? Raise thy head;
Take stars for money—stars not to be told
By any art, yet to be purchased.

None is so wasteful as the scraping dame;
She loathes three for one—her soul, rest, fame.

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still.
Kindness, good parts, great places are the way
To compass this. Find out man's want and will.
And meet them there. All worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

In brief, acquit thee bravely, play the man;
Look not on pleasures as they come, but go;
Defer not the least virtue; life's poor span
Make not an ill by trifling in thy woe.
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains;
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.
—George Herbert (1632).

The Beautiful.

There is another and higher realm of beauty than those of sight and sound, and that is "the beauty of holiness," where we look at "the things which are not seen," not by the eye of sense, but by the eye of faith. It is a spiritual beauty, of divinely wrought quality, whose seat is the soul. It shines with unspeakable loveliness in the love which brings peace to homes, consolation to the sorrowing, comfort to the suffering, rest to the burdened, hope to the anxious, and a sublime serenity amid the changes of the world. It is a benediction to the poor and sick who look upward with adoration to the Holy One. It is an experience of self-renunciation, and of resignation to His holy will. It is a sense of love which casteth out fear, producing in the soul a rest and repose amid the doubts and disappointments of life.—Guide to Holiness.

Seasons of Life.

At a party of old and young, the question was asked, Which season of life was the most nappy? After being freely discussed by the guests, it was referred for answer to the host, upon whom was the burden of four-score years. He asked if they had noticed a grove of trees before the dwelling, and said, "When the spring comes, and in the soft air the buds are breaking on the trees, and they are covered with blossoms, I think, 'How beautiful is spring!' And when the summer comes, and covers the trees with its heavy foliage, and the singing-birds are all among the branches, I think, 'How beautiful is summer!' When autumn loads them with golden fruit, and the leaves bear the gorgeous tint of frost, I think, 'How beautiful is autumn!' And when it is sore winter, and there is neither foliage nor fruit, then I look up, and through the leafless branches, as I could never until now, I see the stars shine through."—Dr. Adams.

We Can All Rejoice.

The venerable and successful leader of the Salvation Army, General Booth, has closed a remarkable tour of the United States and Canada, during which he has set before the Army and the Christian world a noble example of dignified and earnest work for the salvation of souls. Rising above all the side issues of mere social reform and humanitarian work, he makes his appeals directly to the hearts and consciences of men, and God has honored him with a harvest of souls, in which we can all rejoice. May God abundantly bless and richly crown his closing years.—The Christian Missionary Alliance.

Confession of Wrong.

A confession of wrong may be proof of a possession of superior ability. One who is making progress is likely to see truth in a new light to-day, and to perceive that he was not right in the light which he had yesterday. Pope says truly, "A man should never be ashamed to say he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday." Therefore it often requires more ability to admit having been in the wrong than to stand by the position which one maintained yesterday. Have you this power to grog?

"In this crowded world, with its intercourse and jostling, with its network of relationships, with its mingled web of life, we are each alone. Below the surface there is a deep, and below the deep there is a deeper depth. In the depth of the human hearts there is, and there must be, solitude. There is a limit to the possible communion with each other."—Stalker.

"If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow;
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend till he is dead?"

—Unknown.

Not Vulgarly.

WHAT "THE DAILY NEWS" SAYS.

The aims and principles of the Salvation Army are ably considered in a well-reasoned leading article, published recently by the London Daily News. We quote the following extracts:

"The principle of adaptation has secured for the Army that success which, in this country, in America, and in the colonies, has received the highest recognition both of statesmen and philanthropists. It was thought at first that the Army was nothing but an embodiment of wild and vague fanaticism, but its history has proved once more that religious fervor is the most powerful and common-sense agency of practical reform. Its Refuges, its Farm Colonies, and all its other intensely practical organizations, grew out of, and are inspired by, its simplicity, directness, and earnestness of personal religious appeal.

"Its plan has been to raise men and women to a white heat of good resolution by kindling within them strong religious emotion. The truth of the great central teaching of Christianity has been taken for granted. It has been taken for granted that the people addressed accepted that teaching in however vague or chaotic a form. Or else it was taken for granted that the fervid assertion of this teaching would produce a response, and verify itself by supplying just what men required.

"This directness and the absence of all argumentation has been the Army's secret of success. Though adopted by instinct, it will be found to be on analysis profoundly philosophic. That is to say, that it is according to the constitution of man's nature that teaching should be presented in a way which will produce powerful emotion in order that it may lead to a change of character and conduct. Discussions of such a kind are, no doubt, out of place here. But, after all, the fact just stated is of very great everyday importance. Its practical value is immense.

"Propensities are not to be checked, nor established habits reversed by mere argument or considerations of prudence. This can only result from a seismic movement of the soul. The feelings must be aroused, the latent forces within the nature called forth to lift the life to a higher level. This has undoubtedly been the plan of campaign of the Salvation Army. Its success, which has commanded the admiration of the world, has proved the truth of its principle and the wisdom of its methods. Processes are not to be judged or criticised apart from results. To talk of the grotesque character or bad taste of some of the means employed by the Army apart from their moral and social results, is no better than condemning the cutting and bleeding of a surgical operation without giving a thought to the contemplated or accomplished purpose. It is one of mere tactics. Only let the breath come from the four winds, only let dormant instincts be fully awakened, and Christian teaching be presented, not in a way to gratify aesthetic tastes, or to quietly satisfy the reason, but so as to call out feeling strong enough to produce a change of purpose and of life, and the means will be of small importance as judged by any other standard of the practical outcome. If this be good, the means must be taken to justify themselves and to be right even in point of good taste. For nothing can be really in good taste which is pretty and a failure; nor can anything be in bad taste which is rough and a success. And the roughness may probably only be so to conventional artificiality. More nonsense and cant are indulged in about so-called vulgarity than almost anything else.

"Adapt means to ends. The great truth is that teaching which effects the inner life, and which in any phrase or form in which it is presented, must be symbolic, ought to be embodied in those forms and methods which will best enable it to produce its emotional and ethical effects."

When men who believe that Christianity has a remedy for the world's great evils distinctly see those evils, they will feel them; and when they feel them, they will bestir themselves to remove them: Knowledge, then action; light, then lightning.



Songs and Solos of the Week

Come Just Now.

BY CORPS-CADET E. MACLEARY DUNCAN,
MONTREAL 1.

Tune.—Even me.

Lord of love, we come before Thee,
With Thyself our hearts inspire,
Fill them to an overflowing,
Send, O Lord, the holy fire.

Chorus.

Come just now,
Let Thy Spirit come just now.

Let Thy love now fill our hearts, Lord;
Come Thyself and dwell within,
Purge us, cleanse us, make us holy,
Pure, and white, and free from sin.

Let the love of God, so changeless,
Make us what we ought to be,
Make us brave and valiant soldiers,
We will fight and die for Thee.

We're Marching On

BY ENSIGN G. MCCANN, OWEN SOUND.

Tune.—'Tis rolling in.

2 We've sought and found the cleansing
blood,
We're marching on, we're marching on!
And we have given ourselves to God;
We're marching on, we're marching on!
For Jesus we will bravely fight,
Put down the wrong, uphold the right,
And we will conquer in His might,
We're marching on, we're marching on!

Chorus.

We're marching on, we're marching on!
To victory grand we're marching on!
We'll fight and pray, and win the day,
We're marching on, we're marching on!

Beneath the flag with fiery star
We're marching on, we're marching on!
We'll spread the news both near and far.
We're marching on, we're marching on!
King Jesus is our leader true,
And what He bids us we will do,
Mid storm or trial we'll go through,
We're marching on, we're marching on!

The world would stop us if it dare.
We're marching on, we're marching on!
With Jesus near us we'll not fear,
we're marching on, we're marching on!
We'll fight right on and do our best
In getting sinners saved and blest;
In heaven at last we'll find sweet rest,
We're marching on, we're marching on!

Holiness.

Tunes.—It was on the cross (B.J. 17); Rock-
ingham; Warcham (B.J. 181).

3 Take now my poor, unworthy heart,
And fill it with Thy love divine;
Come, in it dwell, and never part,
That I may know I'm fully Thine.

No longer let a doubt remain,
Nor fear that would my peace destroy;
Since I am on Thy altar laid,
I claim a peace without alloy.

Take every talent I possess,
And mould according to Thy will,
To make or mar, as seems Thee best,
Its blessed office to fulfil.

O Holy Ghost, Consuming Fire,
Burn in my heart a living flame!
Come, and with mighty faith inspire,
And help me spread Thy wondrous fame.

Come.

BY CAPT. MAY LANG, PETERBORO.

Tune.—We have no other argument.

4 Sinner, the Saviour died for thee,
Though far in sin you've gone;
He'll break the chains and set you free,
If at His feet you'll fall.

Chorus.

Oh, come just now, He waits to save,
Come, and for mercy cry;
For you His precious life He gave,
Then why without Him die?

His precious blood will wash away
The guilt and sins of years;
Oh, haste away, why longer stay
And live in doubts and fears?

Get saved from sin, and join to-day
Our happy, blood-washed band,
And march with us this happy way,
We're bound for Canaan's land.

I Can't Tell Why.

BY MRS. ROBT. DOWNEY, KINGSTON.

Tune.—I can't tell why I love you.

5 Long, long ago, a crimson flow
Was seen on Calvary,
It changed to light earth's darkest night,
And set the captive free.
'Twas wondrous love that from above
Could bring the King of kings
To suffer the loss, and die on the cross
A rebel world to redeem.

Chorus.

I can't tell why He loves me,
But I know 'tis true;
He left His home in Glory,
Trod earth's pathway through;
Bore sorrow, death, and shame,
So that every soul might claim
Salvation through the precious blood of
Jesus.

When sunk so low in sin and woe,
No other arm could save,
He heard the cry and left the sky—
Went even to the grave.
He conquered sin, death lost its sting,
The grave its victory;
He rose from the tomb, and scattered the
gloom,
Now heaven is open to me.

Experience.

ARRANGED BY F. IBBOTSON.

Tune.—Silver threads among the gold. . .

6 I was far away from Jesus,
And as wayward as could be,
Going heedless through life's journey,
Drifting to eternity.
On I wandered in my darkness,
Not a ray of light could see,
And my heart was filled with sadness,
There did seem no hope for me.

Chorus.

I love Jesus, hallelujah!
Then, in that dark, lonely hour,
Came a voice, so sweet, to me,
Saying, "Come, ye heavy laden,
Christ can give you liberty."
Then I fully trusted Jesus;
What a joy I then did find—
My poor heart was filled with praises,
All my sins were cast behind.

Now my fetters are all broken,
Peace and liberty I claim,
Since I've found a precious Saviour,
Oh, how wondrous is His name.

Take the world, but give me Jesus,
He is more than all to me;
Take its pleasures from me ever,
I am now from sin set free.

Come to the Cross.

BY CAPT. WOODS, GODERICH.

Tune.—Tell them over again to me.

7 Wanderer, out in the world of sin,
Come to the cross to-day!
For you He died on the rugged tree,
Come to the cross to-day!
Though you've rejected His pleadings,
Still He is interceding;
Come to the cross, count all as dross,
Come to the cross to-day!
Still the Saviour is waiting to save,
Come to the cross to-day!
For you on the tree His life He gave,
Come to the cross to-day!
Past transgressions forgiven,
You'll then be heir of heaven;
Come just now, in penitence bow,
Come to the cross to-day!

Where Are the Nine?

BY BRIGADIER COLLIER.

Tune.—Oh, say, will you take up your cross?

8 When Jesus went up through Samaria,
Ten lepers He met on the way,
"Which stood afar off" from the people;
Their suffering was great, I dare say.
"Have mercy on us, Jesus, Master,"
With uplifted voices they cry;
He turned and looked on them in pity—
He passes no sufferer by.

Chorus.

Oh, what has become of the nine?
Oh, what has become of the nine?
Ten lepers there were came to Jesus,
Oh, what has become of the nine?

"To the priest go and show your condition,"
Is what the dear Master did say,
An offering make for your cleansing;
The law you must surely obey.
As they went all the spots quickly vanished,
Ere they met any priest on the road;
Although ten were cleansed in that moment,
Only one gave the glory to God.

Many people have knelt at Christ's footstool
And sought the forgiveness of sin;
They've promised they'd serve Jesus wholly.
Of course, He has taken them in.
I fear they have not kept their promise,
Or taken their place in the ranks,
And while all the ten got converted,
Only one has returned to give thanks.

To the War.

Tune.—Fighting on (B.B. 25).

9 To the war! to the war! loud and long
sounds the cry;
To the war! every soldier who fears not to die!
See the millions who're drifting to hell's endless
woe,
Oh, who in the name of Jehovah will go?

Chorus.

Fighting on, fighting on, fighting on, fighting
on;
With His love inspired, and His purpose fired,
We'll fight until the Master comes.

To the war! to the war! Who'll the war cry
obey?
'Tis the great God who calls you to fight while
'tis day;
Though the battle be fierce, and though mighty
the foe,
The Salvation Army to victory must go.

To the war! to the war! every man to his post;
Go, care for the dying; go, seek for the lost;
Hark! Soldiers are singing, their bright faces
glow
As they joyfully shout: "To the war we will
go!"